Towards *Phœbus* lodging, such a wagoner
As *Phaetan* would whip you to the west,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy close curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,
Louers can see to do their amorous rights,
And by their owne bewties, or if loue be blind,
It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou sober suted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loose a winning match,
Plaide for a paire of stainlesse maydenhoods.
Hood my vnmand bloud bayting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted simple modestie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night,
Whiter then new snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing black browd night,
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the face of heauen so fine,
That all the world will be in loue with night,
And pay no worship to the garish Sun.
O I haue bought the mansion of a loue,
But not possest it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enioyd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurse:

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes, and euery tongue that speaks
But *Romeos* name, speakes heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there,
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I,

Nur. I, I, the cords.
Iu. Ay me what news? why dost th
Nur. A weraday, hees dead, he
We are vndone Lady, we are vnd
Alack the day, hees gone, hees kil
Iu. Can heauen be so enuious?
Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *R*
Iu. What diuell art thou that dost
This torture should be rored in di
Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say th
And that bare vowell I shall poys
Then the death arting eye of Cock
I am not I, if there be such an I.
Or those eyes shot, that makes thee
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.
Briefe, sounds, determine my weal
Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it wi
God saue the marke, here on his m
A piteous coarse, a bloudie piteous
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawbde in
All in goare bloud, I sounded at th
Iu. O break my hart, poore banckr
To prison eyes, nere looke on liber
Vile earth too earth resigne, end m
And thou and *Romeo* presse on hea
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best fr
O curteous *Tybalt*, honest Gentlem
That euer I should liue to see thee
Iu. What storme is this that blo
Is *Romeo* slaughtred? and is *Tybalt*
My deerest Cozen, and my dearer
Then dreadfull Trumpet sound th
For who is liuing, if those two are g

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3.